

# 28 Pages Lovingly

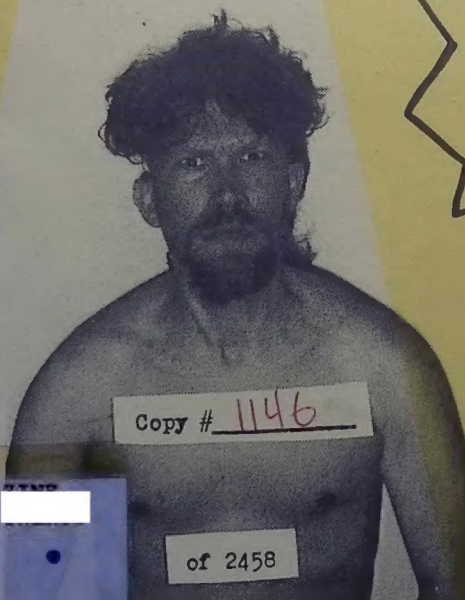
## IN THIS ISSUE...

- Are Cops Pigs?  
(The *Shocking* Truth Revealed!)
- A True Tale of Ginger  
Scented Urine Steam!
- Hi-Bread Car Review!
- The Most Romantic Wedding  
in Human History
- And so much more...
- Plus a **FREE** bonus zine!!!!

## Bound with Twine

### #13

NEW LOOK  
SAME GREAT TASTE!



by

♥ handmade ♥  
♥ with ♥  
♥ love! ♥

Christoph Meyer

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**Page 1 (Front Cover):** The "New Look Same Great Taste!" thing came off a bag of Tostitos.

**Page 2:** Table of Contents. This page.

**Page 3:** Introductory Ramblings: An important message from Twine HQ.

**Pages 4 through 8:** "Ginger Urine Steam" (with art by Don Baker): This piece walks the fine line between literary essay and shameless product endorsement. When it appeared in *The American Drivel Review*, I sent a copy of *ADR* to the folks at Reed's along with a letter, but haven't yet received a reply.



**Page 9:** "A Drink: An Overheard Conversation" (with art by Jerry Smith) Pay attention. The little dramas of life are constantly unfolding around you.

**Pages 10-13:** "One of Them Newfangled Hi-Breads" (with art by Larned Justin) An automotive review of Keasy, our 2005 Toyota Prius.

**Pages 14 & 15:** "Are Cops Pigs?: The Shocking Truth Revealed!" It's both astonishing and wonderful that the emblem for The Cleveland Police Department strongly resembles a pig.

**Pages 16 & 17:** "Wild Birds" (with art by Obadiah) Sometimes everything works out fine in the end, sometimes things turn out bad, this story is about the former.

**Page 18:** "Half an Answer" Poetry! I write a lot of poetry and have had more success getting it published than prose. People will inevitably bitch at the inclusion of any poetry, but I'm going to sneak *just one* little poem into this issue anyway. If you absolutely can't stand words arranged in lines instead of paragraphs then just skip this page. And this poem isn't insinuating that Herbie was an accident — he was planned.

**Pages 19 through 25:** "The Most Romantic Wedding in Human History" Weddings are sort of dumb but I sure do love my wife.

**Pages 26 & 27:** "FDR'll Be Poopin' on the Railroad all the Blue-Nosed Day" FDR'll be poopin' on the railroad just to pass the time away. Dontcha hear the whistle callin'. Rise up so early in the morn. Can't you hear the captain shoutin', "Eleanor blow yer horn!"

**Page 28 (back cover):** When that photo was taken, Lisa was a dental student (she's wearing her scrubs) and I was working at McDonald's (I'm wearing my McUniform). Can vegetarians work at McDonald's? I did, but I only ate their crappy salads.

**Note:** The twine binding this issue is triple-ply jute twine, my favorite♥. Offset printing done by a local indie printer. The color illustrations were handmade using stamps, silkscreens and markers.

Subscription prices are postage-paid for North America. Toss in a little something extra if you live on a different continent. Cash is preferable but checks made out to Christoph Meyer are okay. You can also pay in stamps. Any correspondence I get may be used in a future issue. If you don't want your letter printed, just tell me. Want to order some back issues? Issues #1 through #4 are out of print. #5 and #9 are almost gone and won't be reprinted. All back issues are \$2 each or 3 for \$5. Everything in this zine is by me, Christoph Meyer, unless otherwise noted. If you want to reprint something, please ask *first*.

Write me a letter. Real mail only. E-mail is just a passing fad so I don't waste my time with it. My address will now and forever be:

### Subscription Information:

**1 issue (from store or distro): \$3**

**1 issue (from me): \$4 or trade**

**3-issue sub: \$9**

**6-issue sub: \$15**

**Christoph Meyer**

**1<sup>ST</sup> Printing**

I would like thank Bill "The Source" Gornall for being the reference librarian who is always willing to research obscure factoids for me; Miss Elizabeth's stencils (purchased at the dollar store) for the stencilific fonts that appear on the front cover and above many of the stories in this zine; and Laura Mosler for taking the mysterious journey of discovery with me in which we learned all about halftones and how they're produced, allowing one to use to full advantage the wonder that is the offset press





## INTRODUCTORY RAMBLINGS

What the fuck's up? Ch-ch-check out the new look! The old 8 1/4" x 5 1/2" format didn't provide enough space and left me with limited layout options. So in order to keep the same title and have more page-space, I had only one option: BIGGER PAGES! I also got more leeway by shifting the holes to the spine with the aid of a contraption called a "paper drill", so now they don't get in the way of the layout.

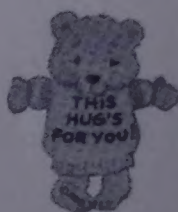
Since *28PLBwT* is now comic book size (just a bit taller actually), I've decided to package it in plastic comic book sleeves. It kinda sucks to have plastic invading the all-natural twine, paper and ink construction but it's a necessary evil; allow me to explain... See, in order to print *28PLBwT* this size I'm left with a 3 3/4" x 11" piece of scrap paper. Not being one to ignore such wastefulness, I decided to print a second zine on this bit of printshop detritus. This second zine will henceforth be known as *The Scrap Paper Review (TSRP)* and it will be a sort of supplement to *28PLBwT*. The comic book bag serves the purpose of holding both publications together, especially important when they are sold in a store and could easily become separated causing the poor snotty-nosed *TSRP* to run up to the front desk clerk to have them page its parents. Also, I thought I might include a self addressed envelope to aid all you internet fiends with the complicated process of sending nonelectronic mail. Plus I'm so motherfucking wacky that I may occasionally toss in something or another special with an issue, sort of like a cracker jack prize. And the comic bag helps hold it all together.

This slicker, revamped issue of *28PLBwT* also marks the beginning of many grand new adventures at YOPSE publications. I recently (6 months ago, actually) turned 30 and instead of fading away from the usually youthful world of zine publishing, I'm redoubling my self-publishing efforts. I have a couple dozen little zines and comics which are written but awaiting to be polished, printed and assembled. I also have several books which are mostly (or entirely) written and waiting to be either self-published or submitted to publishers. This zine is being published in the beginning of August 2005. Within six months I'll definitely have a couple of those books and a handful of those other zines published. So whoop-dee-doo! Rock on! Awesome!



**Acknowledgements:** Some of the stuff in this issue of *28PLBwT* first appeared elsewhere, sometimes in different versions.

- "Ginger Urine Steam" first appeared in *The American Drive Review*
- "FDR'll be Poopin' on the Railroad all the Blue-Nosed Day" first appeared in *Julien's Journal*
- "Wild Birds" first appeared in *The Georgetown Review*.
- "Half an Answer" first appeared in *Fertile Ground*.
- "The Most Romantic..." first appeared in an edition of 108 copies with the text and pictures hand-glued into cheesy romance novels. (a 2<sup>nd</sup> edition, complete with SEX SCENES, is being planned)
- The photograph of the Cleveland Police emblem by Laura Moster
- The photograph on the front cover was taken by Lisa Moster
- The photograph on the back cover was taken at a discount portrait studio, many years ago.
- The photographs in "The Most Romantic Wedding..." were most likely taken by relations who don't appear in the photographs.
- The two pictures in "Wild Birds" are by Obadiah. (I just realized that I don't know his last name.) Obadiah has created a cool art project called "Noney", a mock currency that depicts the people of Rhode Island with their favorite bird and vegetable. If I lived in Rhode Island perhaps he would make a bill of me with a Robin and a jellybean. Obadiah's a talented artist — the picture of Herbie in "Wild Birds" actually looks just like Herbie! Obadiah/Noney P.O. Box 1013 Providence, RI 02901
- The pictures in "a drink" and "them tassels" were done by Jerry Smith. Jerry does quite a few little comics but my favorite is the autobiographical *Southern Fried*. Send him a couple bucks to get a copy, 3344 Homer Drive Morristown, TN 37814
- Larned Justin did the illustration in "One of Them Newfangled Hi-Breads". Larned has put out many publications over the years and I'm particularly fond of his slapstick, old skool humor. Check out what he's up to by visiting him in the wasteland of Cyberia at [www.CandidCartoons.com](http://www.CandidCartoons.com)
- Don Baker is one helluva fine artist. He did the illustrations for "Ginger Urine Steam". One of his artistic day jobs is designing patterns for a fabric company. You should send him a couple bucks to get a copy of his zine, *Merge*. 7205 28<sup>th</sup> Ave. NW Seattle, WA 98117.



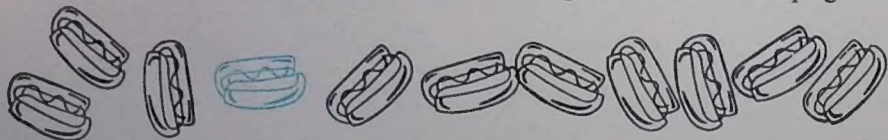
# Ginger Urine Steam

BY CHRISTOPH MEYER

WITH ART BY LUD FEEB

The weather was perfect for a fire – cold enough that you want to huddle close to the warmth but not so cold as to make sitting outside for a few hours unpleasant. My sister, Stacy, and her intended<sup>1</sup>, Lauro, were visiting from out of state, so when my mother-in-law and sister-in-law also came to visit, we decided to have ourselves a good ol' fashioned wiener roast.

Our fridge was stocked with only soydogs, so Stacy and Lauro drove to town to fetch meatdogs for the non-vegetarians, who all had an inexplicable aversion towards hotdogs made out of soybeans but also had an equally inexplicable hankering for hotdogs that were made out of whatever it is that hotdogs are made out of. My grandpa Dorence used to tell me that hotdogs were pressed together sweepings from the slaughterhouse floor, a vivid image which haunted all my childhood wiener roasts. I didn't share this bit of grandfatherly wisdom with the omnivores, since wiener roasts should be gay occasions free from any mention of slaughterhouse floor sweepings.



My wife, Lisa, gathered all the hotdog fixins and whipped up some hearty side dishes of potato salad and baked beans, traditional fare sure to please meat and veggie eaters alike. While she cooked, I went outside to start a fire. I thoroughly and completely enjoy starting a fire. Woman make food. Man make fire.

One nice thing, among many, about living in the country is that one can light fires on one's property, even large ones, and no one could give two squirts of piss one way or the other. (The preceding colloquialism serves the double purpose of providing a little country charm and foreshadowing the urine-related events to come.) We have a fire ring in our back yard. Technically it's an old tire rim but I prefer the term "fire ring". In this fire ring I laid down a base layer of crumpled newspaper and over that I built a little teepee-like structure of twigs, Boy Scout style. I lit a match, setting the ring of fire ablaze, and the flames leapt higher and it burned, burned, burned, that ring of fire, that ring of fire. While it burned, burned, burned, I scurried around the yard in a futile search for more twigs and medium-sized sticks.

The ring of fire consumed its fuel and I couldn't find more quickly enough in the fading twilight so I ran inside searching for a light, but could only locate my son's Fisher Price flashlight. This device, even when loaded with fully-charged batteries, is more toy than utilitarian light source. Unfortunately, its batteries were far from fully-charged and it only gave forth a dim white glow, or if one turned the little plastic fun dial, engaging the filters, even dimmer green and red glows. The meager light that did shine forth would begin to fade after a few seconds and then shut off completely, necessitating the user to press the ON button again. This automatic shut off feature



helps save the batteries when the wee ones inevitably leave it on. Since I am not yet responsible enough to own one of those big manly flashlight that can drain six D batteries in a quarter hour, I just wandered around the yard with a dim and continually dimming flashlight, searching for twigs. I repeatedly pushed the ON button, causing the flashlight to return to its original, least dim state, only to have it immediately start dimming again.

The twigs I found were mostly green and damp, and didn't burn well. I piled all these little twigs on my fading fire and, like my stupid flashlight, it would briefly

become brighter only to start fading again. Soon there was only smoke. It has been said that "where there's smoke, there's fire", but this is not always true; I assure you, there was only smoke.

After trying unsuccessfully to rekindle my flame the honest way, I cheated. From the kitchen window, Lisa was watching me as she cooked. First she saw a big fire, then a little fire, then no fire. When she glanced up again, she saw a roaring fire and me putting the lighter fluid back in the shed. I had made fire.

Everyone spent a pleasant evening sitting around the fire, roasting hotdogs and talking late into the night. Late, to me, means anything past 9 pm., but on this Night I didn't go to sleep till midnight, just like those big city party people I've seen on the TeeVee.

I've been trying to quit drinking soda, or "pop" as all these silly Midwesterners, my wife included, insist on calling it. Quitting the soda habit is hard and my carbonated equivalent of methadone or a nicotine patch is Reed's Premium Ginger Brew. Whenever I get that old soda cravin', I pry off the cap\*\* and get my bubbly sweet fix. Ginger brew tastes kind of like soda but since it's just water juice, honey, ginger and spices, it's not as evil as soda with it's high-fructose corn syrup, sodium benzoate, and artificial flavors and colors. I still love and crave soda but the brew helps ease the pain. Ginger brew has a good strong ginger kick to it that burns your mouth. Well, it used to burn my mouth before I built up my ginger tolerance.

When Stacy and Lauro went to the store to buy meat dogs\*\*\*, I gave them instructions to purchase a 4-pack of Reed's Premium Ginger Brew. They, however, came back



with Reed's Extra Ginger Brew, which has enough ginger bite to give even my mouth a little burn. But just a little.

All who sampled my brew made disgusted faces after experiencing its awesome ginger power. Everyone agreed that it just tasted nasty and burned your mouth. Oh well, more for me. But one person besides me couldn't get enough of it: our one and half year old son Herbie. Whenever he saw me with a bottle, he'd yell, "Juice! Juice!", begging for it's sweet gingery goodness. Being that it was a festive night, I started a second bottle and gave Herbie my almost empty one, which he chugged dry. He had never had the Extra Ginger kind before but he loved it, much to the surprise of everyone, even me.



Herbie kept coming up to me with his empty bottle asking, "More? More?" I'd pour a quarter inch of "juice" from my bottle into his. He'd hold his bottle by the neck like a serious drinker and, with one hand, lift it over his head, draining every drop. We all delighted in watching Herbie's little fire-lit silhouette stumbling away with uncertain baby steps into the blackness of the night, bottle raised above his head. He looked like such a cute little drunkard. Before long he'd be back pleading for more juice and we were soon into our third bottle.

Eventually everyone went inside except for Stacy, Lauro and me, but we too, before long, decided to call it a night. First, however, we had to extinguish the fire. I'm not into a lot of "guy" things. I don't follow any sports, I don't care about cars, heavy machinery bores me, I have no urge to accumulate power tools, and I prefer ponderous artsy movies to manly action flicks in four out five taste tests. I mean, I'm the type of guy who stays home and cares for his kid while his wife brings home the bacon.<sup>4</sup> Plus, a real

man would be drinking beer, which I find to be most unpalatable, instead of wussy ginger brew. But the fire brought out some deep primitive manly instincts in me because I simply had to do a very guy thing: piss on the fire. It was an irrepressible, undeniable urge.

"Turn away if you want to," I warned Stacy and Lauro, "cuz I'm gonna piss on this fire."

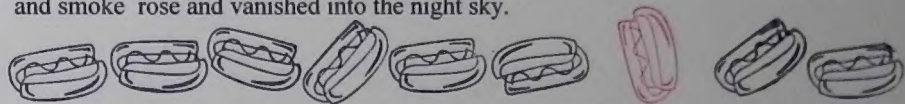
I brandished my manhood and let loose, giving my offering to the Fire God. The many bottles of ginger brew had given me a vast reservoir of urine. Upon hitting the red, glowing embers, my pee-pee instantaneously evaporated. The fraction of time between liquid and gas was immeasurably small. The fire erupted with a loud swooshing sizzle and spewed forth a huge thick cloud of urine steam, which engulfed Lauro. Stacy had had enough sense to step away when I warned them, but not Lauro. Poor, poor Lauro. I'd like to say that I smelled a hint of ginger in the air but the urine steam just smelled rotten. Stacy and I shared a good laugh at Lauro's expense, since that's just what you do when someone gets caught in a cloud of urine steam.

Then Lauro too felt the irrepressible masculine urge, the call of the Fire God. Lauro made pee-pee on the fire. The Fire God sizzled with wrath and belched out bountiful clouds of urine steam, as a tangible physical expression of His anger. The wind shifted suddenly, and I found myself engulfed and permeated by the foulest smelling of foul smelling things: a cloud of urine steam. I have never smelled, and



pray that I never will again smell, anything as stomach-turning and vile as Lauro's urine in a gaseous state. I choked and coughed, then wanted to vomit when I realized that I had just inhaled a lungful of vaporized pee-pee. I don't recall what he was drinking that night, but whatever it was, it smelled much much worse than my urine, which in my mind had already taken on many desirable attributes, one of which was a sweet gingery fresh smell, not unlike something one might find in a chic aroma therapy kit.

The embers were still red-hot but Stacy didn't feel the need to give an offering to the Fire God. I suspect besides the obvious technical problems, she also had philosophical, moral and spiritual reasons for not making pee-pee on the fire. Only men hear the call of the Fire God. I brought the garden hose over, a phallic symbol oftentimes used in pagan fire ceremonies, and drowned the flames. A column of steam and smoke rose and vanished into the night sky.



The following morning, I took our dogs, Klee and Rover Ann, out to go to the bathroom and I noticed that even after inundating the fire with water and urine last night, there were still a couple embers in the fire ring. Much praise be given! The Fire God lives! Although severely weakened, He still had enough power to call out to me. "If ye be a true man," the voice said, "ye shall bringeth me fuel and the flames of my glory shall rise forth anew like a phoenix from the ashes!"

I could not deny His bidding.

Quickly I gathered sticks from around the yard, noticing how plentiful they were in the daylight. After arranging the twigs carefully around the embers, I blew. A



wisp of smoke appeared, then a tiny flame. Soon, a healthy fire was crackling. I sat down in a chair next to the resurrected fire and discovered an unexpected treasure. Next to me was a half-full bottle of Reed's Extra Ginger Brew from last night, a gift from the Fire God to His loyal servant. I had had the foresight to put the cap back on it, so when I took a sip I found that it still had plenty of carbonation left. Mmmmmmm. Unexpected brew, chilled by the night air is the best kind.

Both dogs were sniffing around the picnic table, nibbling on little scraps from last night's repast. Klee even found a blackened, tossed aside meatdog and swallowed it down with canine gusto while Rover Ann settled down with a long, pointy hotdog-roasting stick. Holding the stick between her paws, she gnawed and crunched apart the meat-flavored limb.

Lisa brought Herbie out and suggested that we take everyone over to Spearman's<sup>5</sup> for breakfast. She went back inside and Herbie stayed out with me.

"Juice! Juice!" he said excitedly upon spying the brew. I gave him the half-full bottle and he stumbled off into the yard, bottle raised to his lips.

As I sat staring into the flames, I felt a growing pressure in my loins, a primal urge. A quick glance around assured me that no one was looking out the windows of our house. I gauged the wind. I double-checked; the coast was indeed clear. I urinated into my newly blazing fire and a white column ascended into the pale crisp blue sky like unclean prayers riding on ginger-scented incense smoke. But as they rose, the wind blew at the rising clouds and they fell apart, dissipating into nothing, as if my foul celestial petitions were being denied access to heaven.

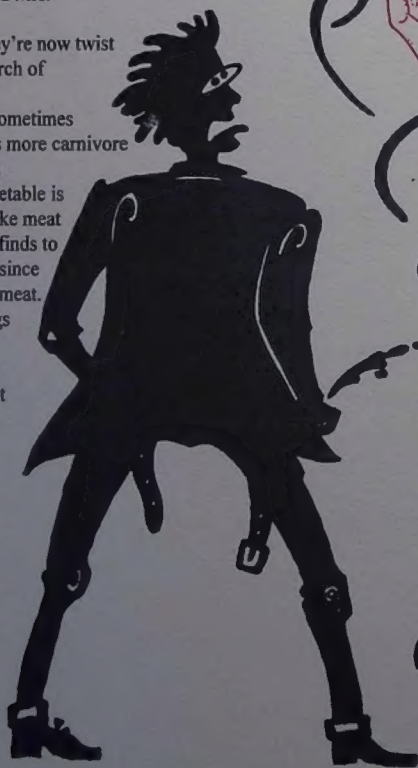
<sup>1</sup> They've since gone through with it and are now Mr. and Mrs. Gutierrez.

<sup>2</sup> Unfortunately, they're now twist offs, such is the march of "progress".

<sup>3</sup> While Stacy is a sometimes vegetarian, Lauro is more carnivore than omnivore. His idea of eating a vegetable is eating vegetarian fake meat products, which he finds to be quite appetizing since they remind him of meat.

<sup>4</sup> Actually, she brings home a tasty soy-based substitute

<sup>5</sup> The only restaurant in our little town





# a drink

## (An Overheard Conversation)

Two men are sitting in the booth adjacent to mine. I overhear the older man say, "I don't know if I should. I mean, it's a lot of work."

The younger man replies, "I think you could handle the extra responsibility now that you've quit drinking."

"Maybe you're right."

"I'm sure you could do it. It would be good for you to get out again."

"Maybe you're right."

"I know I'm right."

"You know, it's been two months since I've had a drink."

"I know. That's why I think you're ready. I gotta go to the restroom. I'll be right back in a minute."

While the younger man is gone, the waitress comes by and asks, "Do you need a drink?"

"What?"

"Do you need a drink?" she repeats.

"**No!**" he blurts out then, says "No, no...Oh! You mean a soda pop."

"Yeah, do you need a refill on your pop?"

"I'm sorry, I thought you said, 'do you drink?'. I quit drinkin'. It's been two months now since I've had a drink."

"Good for you, Hon!"

"Thanks."

"So, do you want a refill?"

"Yeah."

"What are ya drinkin'?"

"Just Coke."

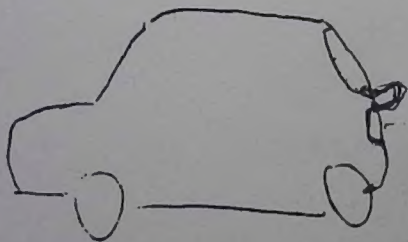


# ONE OF THEM NEW-FANGLED HI-BREADS

In 28PLBwT #11, I mentioned that we had ordered a new Prius, and have since received lots of mail asking me about it. Even though I have no interest in automobiles in general and all cars look alike to me, I will attempt to write a review of the 2005 Toyota Prius...

First off, it's a car. It's got four wheels and goes. That's the long and short of it. People who are all into cars baffle me. A car is a car. Lisa and I have discussed the fact that if we ever decide to move to a city we would consider going carless. We got our first car (a '99 Ford Escort Station Wagon named Tore\*, which we still have) when we were both 24, before that we used public transportation and bicycles. In rural areas though, cars are a necessary evil I guess. Lisa is able to bike to work on most days, however, because we live right on the Kokosing Gap Hike & Bike Trail and it's a straight 4 3/4 mile shot to Danville where she has her dental practice.

Enough rambling, on with the automotive review! The most important thing about the Prius is that it gets great gas mileage; that's why we got it. We really didn't know anything about the Prius when we ordered one, aside from the fact that it was supposed to get good mileage. Since no Toyota dealers had any on their lots (because they were on back order) we didn't test drive one or even see one first. Lisa saw one on the road and drew me this picture, which was all I had to go on. But like I said: a car is a car.



Toyota says the Prius should get about 50 mpg in the country and 60 mpg in the city, which sounds weird because cars usually get better mileage on the open road. The Prius gets better mileage in stop and go city traffic because at low speeds, it can often drive on battery power alone and not use gasoline. We tend to average a little over 50 mpg. That means that a 10 gallon fill-up results in over 500 miles of driving, which means that we have to get gas a lot less often, which means less time spent at gas stations, which is good because time spent at gas stations is, to my mind, time wasted.

\*Named after her paint color, Toreador Red. Pronounced like the right-wing British political party. 10



Our Prius cost us a little over \$22,000. We could have gotten a similar conventional car for less. I've seen a cost-analysis of hybrids stating that over the life of the car you might just barely make back the extra money you spent on the car by not spending as much on gas. (that is, if gas prices don't continue to rise) But since we could afford it, we went ahead and ordered a Prius. We were put on an 8 month waiting list but ended up getting it after 5 months. The salesman we bought the car from was like the archetype of car salesman, with his booming voice, eager friendly demeanor and firm handshake. We liked him so much that we ended up naming our car after him. We call our car "Keasy" (pronounced Key-Z), after our misunderstanding of how to say his name.

The Prius has a little touch screen on the dashboard between the driver's and passenger's seats. The whole car is a little too high-tech looking for my tastes. There are few nobs and buttons, and lots of digital readouts — the one that bugs me most is the digital gas gauge, which has 10 squares. When all ten squares are lit up, the tank is full. When it gets down to one you should fill up the tank. I GREATLY prefer a regular gauge, which allows one to read the subtle differences as the arrow points towards the E and descends into the red zone, allowing one to put off filling up the tank till the last possible minute.

The touch screen does provide much amusement whilst motoring around. It constantly shows you how many miles per gallon you're getting and whether you're using the electric or gasoline motor. Watching the monitor really teaches you how to drive more efficiently. You can watch your mpg skyrocket when you enter stop and go traffic, and then watch it plummet if you step on the gas while going uphill. It's like a video game. Lisa and I are always trying to score as high as we can. We've both gotten better at getting good mileage but I'm afraid that although our scores may be high enough to advance us to the next level, we could end up losing one of our extra lives by staring at the stupid screen instead of the road.



There is a weird little shifter to the right of the steering wheel. It has 4 settings: D, N, R, and B. The first three are, of course, for "Drive", "Neutral" and "Reverse". The B, which is unique to the Prius, stands for, uh, I'm actually not sure what it stands

for. It probably stands for "Brake" or "Battery". It's kind of like an engine brake. When you shift into B, it has the same effect as down-shifting on a stick shift: the car slows down. Using the B is easier on the car than normal braking and has the cool effect of quickly charging the battery. If one uses the B wisely, the battery will stay well charged, resulting in better mileage. And it's all about the mileage. B all that you can B, as the army ad slogan goes.

We like Keasy. The only negative things I can mention are trivial, like the digital gas gauge. The small, split back window takes some getting used to. It doesn't provide a good line of sight when looking back to change lanes. When you shift into reverse, the Prius beeps like a big truck does when backing up. The beeping is, thankfully, only inside the car. I already know when I'm backing up, so this feature seems silly. Also, the Prius comes standard with a dumb, yet impressive, keyless system. That's right, our car has no keys. We just have these two fobs that hang from our keychains. When we reach to open the locked car door, it senses the fob and automatically unlocks. When you're inside the car, you merely push a button and the car starts up if it senses that a fob is inside the car. This is all fine and dandy until someone loses a fob, then you're forced to pay like 4 or 5 hundred bucks to have the system replaced. A normal key would be preferable.

One cool thing about the Prius is that when you come to a stop, the engine will often just shut off. It feels like the car has stalled, but it's just shutting off the gas engine and the electric motor is still running. When you accelerate again, using only electric power, the car glides along, eerily silent. If the battery has a good charge, you can cruise along at 35 mph in silent stealth mode without the gas engine kicking on.

Several people have asked me about plugging the car in. No, you don't have to plug a hybrid in. The battery recharges itself when the car is running on gas or coasting. If you come across a big downhill, the battery will recharge very quickly, allowing you to run on electric for awhile.

I've noticed a few Priuses around. On a couple occasions I've parked next to one at the library in nearby Mt. Vernon but that's the only place I've ever seen one in Knox county. When we drive to Columbus and go a health food store we often see one in the parking lot. It seems that people who drive hybrids and people who read books and eat tofu are one in the same. I'm afraid we fall right into that demographic/stereotype.

The saddest thing about getting a second car was that we also had to get a second wallet. Let me explain... Lisa and I have shared a single wallet for the past 8 years or so. It contained our licenses, credit cards, money and various wallet-related miscellany. Now that we own two automobiles, we had to get a second wallet because it became possible for us to be driving to different places simultaneously. It's the end of an era. Having two wallets is kind of sad.

Since we got Keasy, gas prices have risen, so we're extra happy that we got it. The other day I was at the post office, checking my box and an old farmer guy, wearing dirty overalls asked, "Is that your car out there?"

"Yes it is."

"Is that one of them new-fangled Hi-Breads?"

"Yeah, it's a Prius Hybrid."

"How do ya like it?"

"We love it. We're glad we got it."

"Does it get good miles?"

"Sure does. We get over 50 miles per gallon."

"Hoo-wee! That's good! I bet these high gas prices don't bother you none, do they?"



Ohio's claim as the "Birthplace of Aviation" is questionable. First off, as every junior high history text will tell you, Orville and Wilber's famous flight took place in Kitty Hawk, North Carolina. The Wright brothers were born in Ohio and spent most of their lives here, but it was during the 3 years spent in North Carolina that they actually flew.

North Carolina has laid claim to the brothers Wright by creating The Wright Brothers National Monument.

There was also a Russian fellow named Aleksandr Mozhaiski who experimented with biplane gliders in the 1870s and 1880s, well before the Kitty Hawk flight of 1903. Mr. Mozhaiski's exploits have been dismissed by some and aggrandized by others, and whether he flew or not is disputed.

Yo! Yo! I'm Representin'!  
Knox County in tha house!

Yep, I got a vanity plate for our new car. Looks pretty smart, don't it?

Ecclesiastes 1:2 (KJV)

# ARE COPS PIGS?

(The Shocking  
Truth Revealed!)

Are cops pigs? Since the birth of law enforcement, citizens have referred to police officers as pigs. The etymological origin of the term "Pig", though shrouded in obscurity, is said to have its roots in the rather unique traditional diet of police officers, the staple of which is a fried, sugar confection known as the "doughnut". Many law-abiding folks would dismiss this as an unfair stereotype, but it has been my experience that police officers do indeed eat more doughnuts than the average citizen.

For three years, Lisa and I lived in a high-crime, inner-city ghetto in Columbus, known as "The Bottoms". There were only two places that were free from crime in The Bottoms: the doughnut shop and the United Dairy Farmers convenience store (which sold Krispy Kremes). We made a game out of guessing how many cop cars would be parked at the UDF. It was usually one or two. Sometimes there were none at all, but it wasn't unheard of to see 3 or 4.

The other day Lisa and I went to see a drive-in movie in the nearby city of Mansfield. After the second movie finished it was past 2 a.m. When we started driving home we noticed our gas tank was near empty. The gas station we stopped at was FILLED with cops. The parking lot was clogged with cop cars and inside were over a dozen cops, ALL feasting on doughnuts and coffee. I swear, every single one of them was eating doughnuts! How many police officers are on duty in a small city at 2 am? The entire Mansfield police force was there! And they weren't going anywhere. They were all loitering around the store, leaning against things, chomping Krispy Kremes and sippin' coffee. One particularly abnormally-endowed officer actually had rainbow colored sprinkles all over the bulging front of his uniform. I was very sleepy and the whole scene seemed dreamlike and unreal. It's like the Mansfield police department was trying to 14

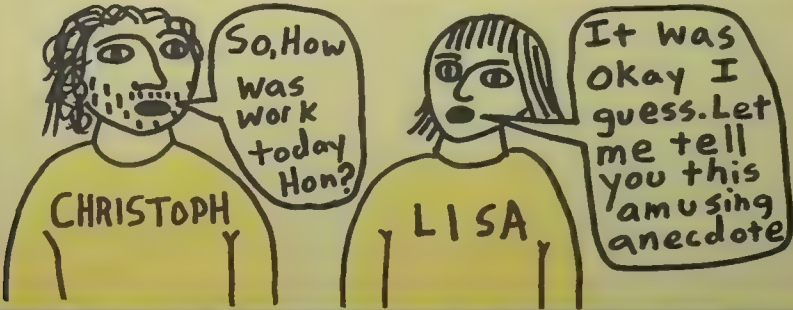


single-handedly perpetuate the cop/doughnut stereotype. The only thing missing was a trough for the officers to dine from. I don't know about the rest of Mansfield, but that gas station sure was safe.

None of this anecdotal evidence, however, proves that cops are pigs. But while visiting my in-laws in Cleveland, Lisa pointed out the emblem on the side of a police cruiser, which is reproduced below. The porcine resemblance is indisputable. And this emblem is on the side of every Cleveland police car! It boggles the mind that cops in Cleveland would actually embrace their piggishness and adopt such a symbol for their organization. Just look at it, with it's smile, chin, chubby cheeks, eyes, eyelashes and flopped over ears. The only part that keeps it from being an actual drawing of a pig is the banner over the eyes, but even that part reminds me of a cop's sunglasses. So are cops pigs? I can't say for certain that *all* cops are pigs, but in Cleveland the answer is YES!

**THE SCRAP PAPER REVIEW**

(a.k.a. 28 Wee Pages Heartlessly Bound with Staples)



After a slight →  
modification



# WILD BIRDS

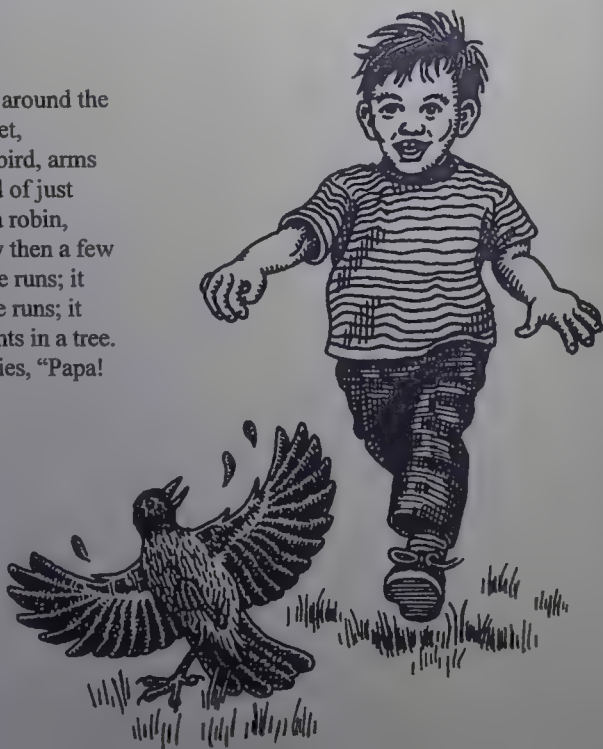
I'm trying to cut back on the sugar. There's a bag of jellybeans on the counter. I don't want to eat them but I know I'm going to. I remove the clip, unfold the bag, but before I can shove a handful of beans into my mouth, a sudden staccato *thud* interrupts me.



What the hell was that? I'm looking out the large window by our kitchen door. Did someone throw something at our house from a passing car? I see a brownish lump lying on the ground outside. It's a robin. Spring officially began six days ago. Yesterday, I left the windows open all day for the first time since last fall, so long ago. Today this window is closed. The robin isn't moving; spring is here.

I step outside and squat next to the motionless robin. It's not dead; it lifts its head and looks at me. My almost three-year-old son, Herbie, is taking his nap right now.

Earlier today: Herbie runs around the playground without a jacket, gloriously free, chasing a bird, arms spread like wings. Instead of just flying far away, the bird, a robin, flies just a few yards away then a few more, taunting Herbie. He runs; it flies. He runs; it flies. He runs; it tires of the game and alights in a tree. Herbie turns to me and cries, "Papa! I want to have the birdie sit on my hand!" I pick him up, wipe off his tears and tell him, "You can't hold wild birds, only pet birds. Wild birds will fly away from people."





So the robin is just sitting there. I'm just sitting there. We look at each other, unsure of what to do next. I open my mouth and speak, in English, "You'll be okay. Just stay still for a little bit. You flew into that window pretty hard. You'll be okay though." I don't think it believes my reassurances. I don't believe me either. It probably broke a wing or something.

I reach out, touch it, pet it like it's a pet. Again I say, "You'll be okay." It opens its beak as if about to reply, but just pants silently. Then it stands up on its scaly chopstick legs. We stare at each other silently, waiting for whatever happens next.



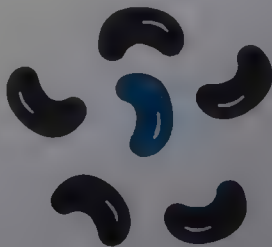
One minute.

Two minutes.

Three minutes pass, then unexpectedly it up and flies away, squawking.

I stand up and turn to go inside, smiling. Through the glass door I see Herbie stumbling over groggily from his nap. He opens the door and asks, "What you lookin' at on the ground out there Papa?" I pick him up and tell him about the stunned robin, but he isn't interested in the story because he sees the bag of jellybeans lying open on the counter where I had dropped it.

He says, "I want a couple jellybeans please Papa." We both eat some jellybeans. He shoves the beans in his mouth and runs across the house towards his toybox, rushing like sugar.





half

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a n

swer



during the morning  
bathroom routine  
Herbie asks Papa  
what's that? pointing to  
the condom that missed  
the trash can

thousands and millions of halves of

sibl  
ings

leaking onto the bath

room  
floor

Herbie's three and a half  
everyone says it's time

we had another

Lisa wants another

I sort of kind of

want another

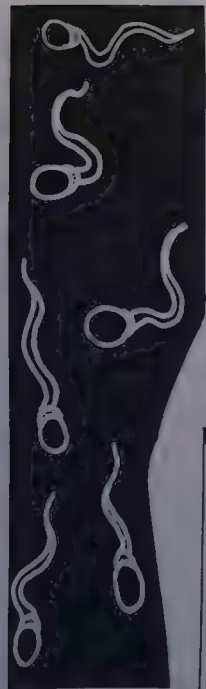
I say it's a condom

Herbie asks Papa

what a condom is

and I sort of kind of

answer his question



# BEFORE SEX

Use a new condom every time you have sex - before foreplay, before penis gets anywhere near any body opening (to avoid exposure to any body fluid that can carry infection). Handle condom gently.

Put condom on as soon as penis is hard. Be sure rolled-up ring is on the outside. And leave space at tip to hold semen when you come.

Squeeze tip gently so no air is trapped inside. Hold tip while you unroll condom all the way down to the hair. If condom doesn't unroll, it's on wrong. Throw it away. Start over with a new one.

# AFTER SEX

Pull out slowly right after you come, while penis is still hard. Hold condom in place on penis to avoid spilling semen. Turn and move completely away before you let go of condom. Dispose of used condom properly, not in the toilet. And no more sex without a new condom. If condom breaks and semen spills or leaks, don't panic. But quickly wash semen away with soap and water.

# BEFORE SEX

## ANTES DEL ACTO SEXUAL

Use a condom nuevo cada vez que tenga relaciones sexuales, antes del estímulo sexual, antes de que el pene se acerque a un orificio del cuerpo (para evitar la exposición a cualquier fluido corporal que pueda transmitir infecciones). Tómate el condón con cuidado. Póngase el condón cuando tenga el pene duro. Asegúrese de que el borde enrollado esté del lado exterior. Deje un espacio en la punta para recoger el semen al eyacular.

Apriete la punta suavemente para que no quede aire atrapado. Sujete la punta mientras desenrolla el condón hasta que éste toque el vello púbico. Si el condón no se desenrolla, significa que no está bien puesto, deséchelo y use otro condón nuevo.

## DESPUÉS DEL ACTO SEXUAL

Irmediatamente después de la eyaculación, saque el pene lentamente mientras aún está duro. Sujete el condón sobre el pene para que no se derrame el semen. Válgase y alejese de su pareja antes de soltar el condón. Deséchelo apropiadamente el condón usado, no lo tire en la taza del baño. No tenga más relaciones sexuales sin ponerse un condón nuevo. Si el condón se rompe y el semen se derrama, no se despan por el pánico. Lavase rápidamente con agua y jabón para eliminar el semen.



# The Most Romantic Wedding in Human History

I don't believe in marriage. I love my wife. Lisa and I have been together for around nine or ten years, I'm not exactly sure. Of those nine or ten years we've been married perhaps half – again, I'm not *exactly* sure. One thing is for certain: our wedding anniversary isn't in the winter. My best guess is that it's in one of the summer "J months", you know, June or July. I remember wearing sandals to the ceremony so it couldn't have been during winter; my feet get cold easily, that is in the literal not the metaphorical sense.

Marriage is a legal arrangement. Laws do not govern my love for Lisa. In general I think marriage is a bad idea, as evidenced by the large percentage of divorces. Couples shouldn't marry unless they are really, really serious about the whole Till-Death-Do-Us-Part thing. I wasn't at all serious about getting married. Neither was Lisa. We could have lived happily forever after without the piece of paper. Neither church nor state is needed to certify or recognize our love. The idea is absurd.

Our marriage was a whim. One night while we were lying in bed I asked Lisa, "Do you wanna get married?"

She said, "Really? Are you serious?"

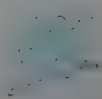
I said, "Sure, why not?"

She said, "Really? Are you serious?"

I said, "Yeah, I'm serious. Let's just get married."

She said, "Sure. Okay."

How's that for romance?



When we told our families, they got all excited, as families tend to be about such things. At the time, we were living in a hood in Columbus, Ohio called "The Bottoms", so we decided not to have the wedding at our house because even though we found the The Bottoms' ambiance to be charming, our Wedding Planner thought we should "do something less ghetto". A church was out of the question. Lisa isn't anti-religious, she's just non-religious. I'm a Buddhist but I didn't want to subject everyone to a Buddhist marriage ceremony, whatever the hell that is. We found ourselves a judge to do the deed. Lisa has a large family; she's the youngest of six kids. Her family all lived around Cleveland so we decided to have the wedding up

there so that they wouldn't have to travel. My parents and younger sister lived in Texas so they'd have to fly up. I didn't invite anyone besides my immediate family since this was really no big deal.

We went to the courthouse and paid something like 15 bucks for a marriage license. We didn't have to have a blood test. I'm not sure why some places make you get blood tests but I'm glad it wasn't required because I usually pass out if someone draws my blood. Isn't that embarrassing? I can get horrible cuts and scrapes that gush bloody red geysers and I'll just clean it off and bandage the wound, but if someone draws blood with a little harmless needle I have some silly psychological condition that causes me to black out. The only reason I mention this is that the blood test might have stood in the way of our ever getting married. I mean, would I really want have my blood drawn just so I could marry the woman I am committed to spending the rest of my life with?

So the Big Day came. My folks and sis flew up to Ohio. Lisa's family all gathered at her mother's house. We had been intensively preparing and planning our wedding for the past couple of months. We had gone to a big craft store and bought a few little plastic newlywed couples to put on top of any wedding cakes, pies, lasagnas, muffins, or green bean casseroles that we might have. Lisa bought two dresses off the clearance rack at some department store for the ridiculous price of 20 bucks each – easily four times the price of any really nice thrift store dress. I went to a men's formal wear store and bought a new bow tie. Not a clip-on, but one that must be tied. A *real* bow tie. I was serious about this marriage thing. The tie set me back about eight bucks. Altogether that brought our wedding expenses up to around \$70.

I spent the morning of the day we tied the knot trying to tie the knot on my stupid bow tie. Lisa didn't approve of the shirt I had selected to wear for the wedding. My only white dress shirt was very thin and old. My nipples showed through. Also, it had the initials **DFB** printed above the pocket. I had bought it for something like 29 cents at a thrift store. That shirt almost ruined our wedding. But



Tying  
+ the  
knot



Lisa bought a brand new shirt for me that morning. The new shirt was a bad idea. It was held together by several thousand tiny sharp pins. After I thought I had removed them all I would move a certain way and discover a new one when it poked me. The majority of pins seemed to congregate near the neck and elbow pits, probably because those are the areas where they could most easily deal a deathblow or at least draw plenty of blood. Not only that, but the shirt cost around 15 bucks, and brought our wedding expenses up dangerously near the 100-dollar mark.



Oh, I forgot to add in one big expense: the rings. On a bright sunny day I walked from our abode in The Bottoms to downtown Columbus (about two miles) and for the first time in my life, entered into a jewelry store. The sign on the window declared that this store was under new management, which I guess was a good thing. I was immediately accosted by the sleaziest of sleazy salesmen. He wore a pimpin' suit and seemed to be carrying half the establishment's gaudy gold bling bling on his person. He was short with a pencil-thin trimmed black mustache and slicked back shiny shiny shiny black hair. His accent was thick and vague, like he was born in Syria, raised in Brazil, had just moved to Ohio, and English was his forth language. He wore no tie and the collar of his shirt was opened one or two or three buttons too many. I'm sure this guy was a hit with the ladies.

"Can I help you Sir?" he asked, smoothing his mustache with his finger.

"Yes, I'm looking for a ring."

"Oh! I can help you with that Sir! Just tell me what you're looking for and I'm sure we can find something *real* nice." He put his arm around my shoulder like we were old friends and guided me to a display case.

"Well, I'm looking for a silver ring. Something plain without much engraving or ornamentation."



"Oh! I see you are a man who knows what he wants. That's good! Very, very good! Come over here and I'll show you some rings you will like."

He opened up a case and removed a velvety block with even rows of small slits that held rings. As he lifted and held the black velvet display thingy, his three outer fingers remained sticking up like he was holding a delicate porcelain teacup. Around one of his upturned pinkies was a gold ring much larger than any pinky pink has a right to be. "Look at these, Sir. Are there any here that you like?"

"Can I take them out?"

He took a step back and held his hands up. "Of course Sir! Take them out, please! Look at them all and find a *real* nice one that you like."

I quickly narrowed the field to two silver rings. One was flat and had an understated geometric pattern carved into both edges and the other was more rounded and had no pattern. They cost \$29.95 and \$12.95 respectively. They were okay, but not exactly what I wanted.

As I looked at them he leaned in closer and spoke in a conspiratorial, hushed voice, "Can I ask you something, sir?"

"Sure."

"Is this for you or is it for a lady friend of yours?"

"It's for my girlfriend."

A large smile spread across his face. Surprisingly, I saw no gold-capped teeth. "I see," he said, somehow filling those two little words with layer upon layer of sexual implication. This man obviously understood that I needed to get in good with my lady friend.

"Are these rings silver?"

"Yes sir. They are all *real* silver. Do you want to look at some gold rings maybe?"

"No, but do you have any white gold rings?"

His face lit up. "Why of course sir! Come over this way. These rings over here are *real* nice! You'll like them much better."

While I looked I asked him, "What exactly is white gold. I know it's a gold alloy and it's mixed with something but what is it mixed with?" 21

"Oh they just take some gold and some chemicals and stuff and mix it all together and it's *real* nice. *Reeeal* nice."

"But isn't it an alloy? Isn't it mixed with some other metal?"

"Oh yeah! It's gold mixed with some other metal. Then they take some chemicals and stuff and mix it all together and make it *real* nice."

I could see that I shouldn't bother pursuing this line of questioning. However, I did quickly find a ring that looked perfect. "How much for this one?"

"Oh! That is a very nice choice. Much nicer than the silver ones." He looked behind his counter and said, "That one is only \$49.95."

I liked the fifty dollar ring made out of some gold and some other metal and some chemicals and stuff, so I bought it. Lisa had already purchased a gold ring for me which cost about \$100 so the rings brought our total wedding expenses up near \$250. Yikes. That first trip to a jeweler occurred quite a few years ago, and I haven't set foot in a jewelry store since.

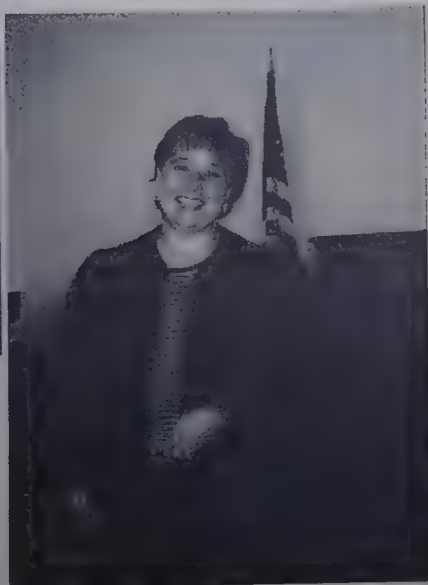
Back to the wedding: After spending many fruitless hours trying to tie my bow tie, I was seriously contemplating just leaving it untied, wearing black suspenders and carrying a glass of scotch so I could look like a jazz musician who had just finished a set. But somehow, just before we were ready to leave, my bow tie miraculously became tied into something that looked like a bow tie and we all drove to the courthouse.

The judge was nice. She brought her daughter along. Under her robe, she was wearing sandals just like me. My father took a picture of our feet together.



↑  
judicial  
feet

↑  
cold  
feet



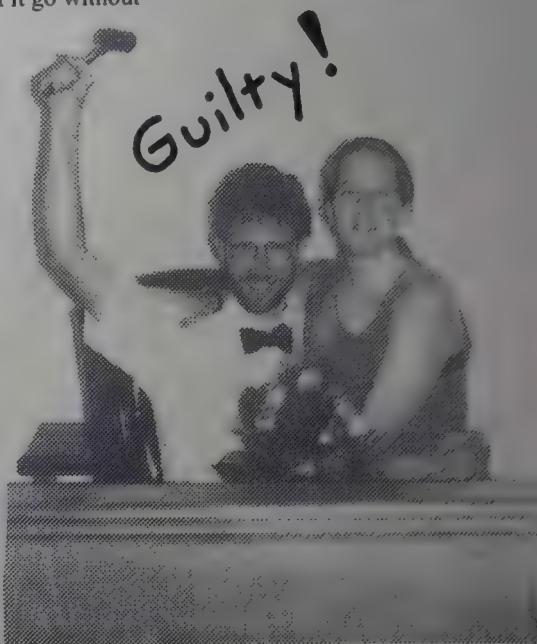
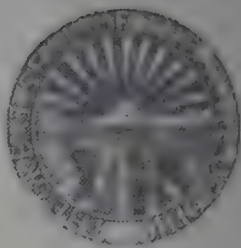
I have yet to mention that when we got hitched I was around 25 years old and had never been to a wedding before. Well, I've seen pictures of me attending the wedding of my cousin, Rna Whitnah III\*, but I was like four years old and I'm told I fell asleep so that doesn't count. My wedding was going to be the first wedding I ever saw so I was understandably curious to see what a wedding was like. I'm now 30 years old and have since been to two other weddings and I have discovered that our wedding was not like other weddings.

\*What a great name.



We went into the courtroom. Everyone sat down except for Lisa and I. Maybe our parents stood up too. I can't recall. The judge said a bunch of stuff. I put a ring on Lisa's finger and she returned the favor. We smooched and that was that. Lisa's mom cried. So did my dad. The only part of the ceremony that I didn't care for was the judge mentioning something about The Heavenly Father. We had a judge marry us because we wanted a secular ceremony. Doesn't it go without saying that if folks wanted the concept of "God" to be a part of their wedding then they would have had a church wedding? It's no big deal and it isn't enough to make me go off on a separation of church and state rant but I thought it was a little inappropriate.

After the wedding we took dumb pictures sitting in the jury seats and on the judges chair. She even let us use her gavel as a photo prop. The judge also predicted that we would have a "successful, lasting marriage" since we had such a great family for a "support system". After wishing us a happy life together, she locked us out of the courtroom and drove off into the sunset to pass judgment wherever judgment required passing.



Ladies and

Gentlemen of the Jury



We then all drove over to the Lake Erie shore for awhile. Our families chatted while the kids (that includes the newlyweds) played on the beach. After a while we went to a Chinese restaurant called Bo Loong that Lisa is fond of and ate lots of deep-fried tofu with veggies.

Sometime soon (the next day?) we had a "party" at the campgrounds where Lisa's family has a permanent camper. That night, for our "honeymoon", we tried to find a place to engage in "marital relations" but, alas, the camper and the tent were all full of sleepy people.

When we returned to our rented house in The Bottoms as a married couple, and nothing changed. Besides being a legal arrangement of the State, marriage is meaningless. I knew before we were married that Lisa and I were going to be together until one of us kicked the bucket.

One thing did change: I had to wear a ring now. I had never before worn a piece of jewelry and found the ring to be very annoying. Although I tried to ignore it, I found myself twisting it and touching it often. The skin underneath it was red and irritated. Don't try to read anything symbolic into this. Sometimes a cigar is just a cigar. One day after about a week of married bliss I naively said, "I can't stand this ring. I'm gonna take it off."

The reply from Lisa was swift and brutal. "Oh no you don't. If you love me you'll keep that ring on your finger."

I quickly lowered my head and squeaked out a meek, "yes ma'am." Now that I was a married man, it was time to start acting like one.

Our 5<sup>th</sup> or 6<sup>th</sup> or maybe even our 7<sup>th</sup> wedding anniversary is coming up. Just for kicks, I should buy Lisa a 9<sup>th</sup> anniversary present this year. It's no rush though, because as I write this there is 6 inches of snow on the ground. Like I said, I know that we were married in the warmer months so I don't have to go shopping just yet.

There is one good thing about marriage that I failed to mention. After being married for a year we decided to have a kid. Less than a year later our son Herbie was born. Herbie is now just over 4 years old. And I'm proud to report that he is not a bastard. Yay marriage!

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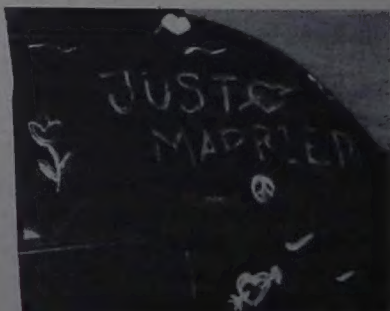
## Epilogue:

Divorce is an unfortunate thing that we can't always foresee. I certainly didn't see mine coming when I wrote this naively optimistic essay. But people grow apart, I guess. Just joking. Ha! I'm gonna stick with Lisa a little while longer. But an unfortunate thing did happen to Lisa's ring: whilst weeding our strawberry patch, it flew off her finger into the grass and, despite a couple hours of searching, it was never seen again.

After a few months of going ringless, I finally saw an opportunity to purchase a new ring for my wife. We were traveling around Washington and while strolling through Seattle stumbled across a street market. One vendor was selling jewelry so I dragged Lisa over so as to get the proper size. We found a simple silver ring that fit her a little better. It cost eight bucks. Instead of putting it on her finger, I put it in my pocket, until later that day when I made my move...

We were walking through a big public square-type place when I pulled out the ring. I'm usually not one for grand public displays but a sudden exhibitionist spirit seized me. I got down on one knee and slipped the ring over her finger. A bunch of crusty punks were loitering about. They saw the whole spectacle and burst into whoops, cheers and applause.

She still has that ring. If she ever does loose it though, I'll probably replace it with something out of a gumball machine. And in case you were wondering, "white gold" is an alloy created by mixing gold with nickel, palladium or platinum. From the price of the ring that I bought, I'm guessing that it was a nickel/gold alloy, which is a good thing considering she lost it.



# FDR'll be Poopin' on the Railroad all the Blue-nosed Day

An observant parent can learn a lot from cloth diapers. I'm not talking about humility or any spiritual truth, although washing baby poop off of diapers can't by any imaginable mechanism be blamed for anyone's general depravity. And washing poop-filled diapers does wonders for giving a procrastinator a good reason to repent.

On a couple of memorable occasions, our son, Herbie, has gone an entire day without making even one poopie diaper, but it's far more common for him to soil two or three. Four or five is not unheard of. I don't think that the average baby poops this much but Herbie has been raised on a vegan diet (with the exception of breast milk) since birth. I don't think the average kid consumes the same volume of fiber as Herbie. Stupid fiber.

When neglected, the soiled diaper pile can grow very quickly. If a diaper is washed immediately, the baby poop slides off like oleo drippin' from a hot biscuit. — nice and easy. However, if one should foolishly put off their diapering doodies [sic] till the following day, any metaphorical comparison to partially hydrogenated butter substitutes is pure hogwash. And if one should be so thoroughly unwise as to procrastinate any longer than a single day, the metaphors escalate to such undesirable activities as scraping lasagna out of a pan that you meant to remove from the oven after five minutes instead of five hours.

Any effects on one's character and moral fortitude aside, washing baby poop off of cloth diapers can help one to glean far more practical insights. Specifically, has the baby that soiled these diapers ingested and passed any large, indigestible objects such as, for instance, a dime. A dime is *coincidentally*, just what I found in Herbie's diaper one day. I was washing poop off into our diaper bucket when I heard a *CLINK!* Curious, I thrust my hand into the murky water (I have developed disturbingly high tolerance to baby poop) and found a dime.

The dime cleaned off nicely except for a stain over FDR's nose and the word 'LIBERTY' on the head side. I would be tempted to make a pun involving the phrase "brown nose" if it weren't for two problems. First, FDR, being that he was Commander in Chief of the U S of A, probably spent his time allowing others to brown their noses in his high and mighty posterior rather than seeking out lesser posteriors in which to brown his own presidential nose. Second, the stain wasn't brown; it's a very beautiful neon-metallic blue with hints of purple. Something in Herbie's gutty works had a chromatically appealing reaction with the copper-nickel alloy of the dime.

The discovery of this dime means that just a short while before, probably while under my supervision, Herbie swallowed this dime. Not much I can do about it after the fact. But considering that this is the first intact treasure I've discovered in Herbie's 19



months of bowel movements, I should consider myself lucky. A parent using disposable diapers would have unwittingly tossed the dime into the trash but I, being an environmentally conscious father, am now halfway to having two dimes to rub together.

I could, of course, spend this dime, but I won't. It's Herbie's dime. He's laid claim to it in a much more intimate way than I am prepared to. The dime will be deposited in his train-shaped bank. The monies accumulated in this bank are for his "college fund" I suppose. Although, being that I'm a college dropout who is happy that he dropped out, I won't push him.

When money falls into Herbie's train-shaped bank, a tune comes out. This is reputed to make saving money fun. The tune is "I'll be Workin' on the Railroad" and the bank plays a goodly portion of the song.

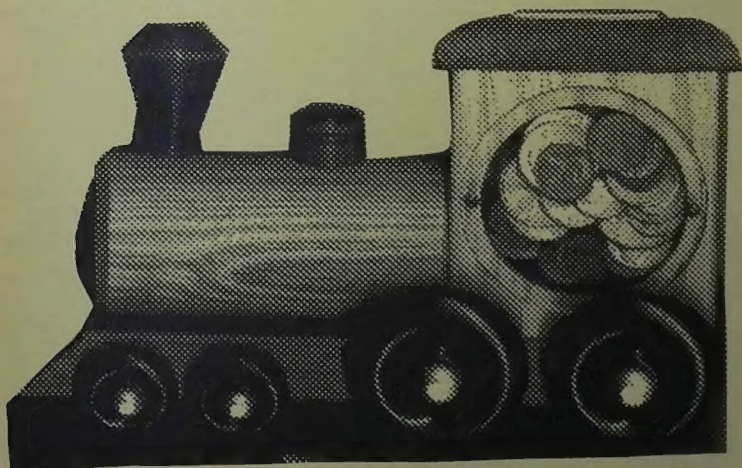
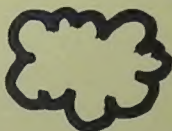
The length of musical fun doesn't vary with the denomination of coin, be it penny, dollar or dime. While the bank doesn't actually play all the livelong day, it does go all the way from the familiar beginning lines to the part where Dinah is pleaded with to blow her horn, which is a little excessive. It plays 35 seconds of music per coin. Yes, I timed it. If it actually played through the "Dinah Won'tcha Blow" bit, Herbie would never attend college because I wouldn't put even one dime in there.

I wonder how much a dime saved now will be worth when Herbie is 18? I bet if the dime were properly invested in an evil monster corporation it would yield enough dividends by the time Herbie is of college age that he could buy a keg for a bitchin' party at his freshman dorm. I could crash the party and drink beer with all of his new college friends, although I'm sure they will all drink me under the table. Most people who don't

finish college manage to develop a high tolerance to alcohol during their brief time at school. Perhaps I should have spent more time at frat houses instead of the library. Oh, regrets!

But I'm sure Herbie won't mind helping me to catch up on all the collegiate drinking I missed out on during my misspent youth. While we sip our suds and flip through photo albums full of

baby Herbie photographs, I'll tell story after story about Herbie while he desperately pleads with me to leave. The best story will be the one about how Herbie got the money for the beer that we will be drinking.

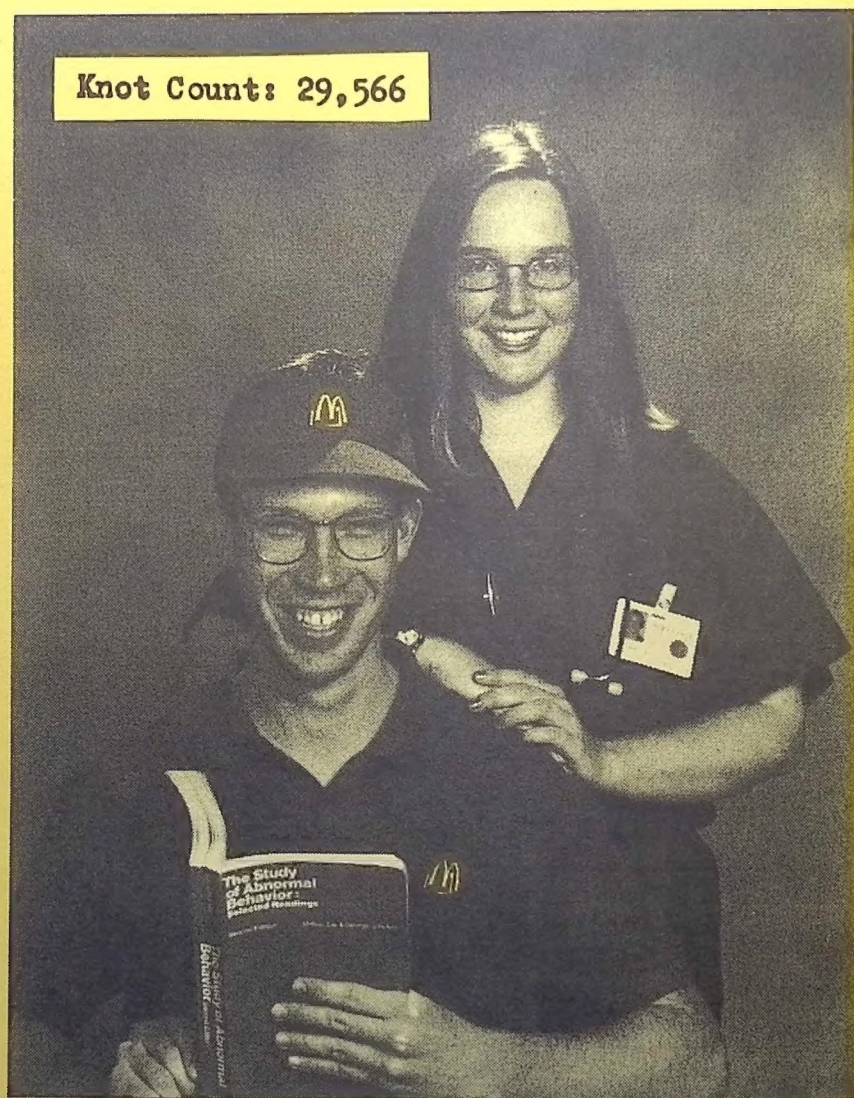




# The Study of Abnormal Behavior: Selected Readings

Second Edition **Christoph Meyer & Lisa Moser**

**Knot Count: 29,566**



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